

A NIGHT GIRL---BY IKE SWIFT

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MARTHA MARLOW.

A HANDSOME AND CLEVER AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO IS AT PRESENT FILLING AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE METROPOLE THEATRE, BERLIN.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
TEXAS MAMIE, Champion Woman Boxer.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Marvin Hart, the heavyweight boxer, announces his retirement from the ring.

At Revere, Mass., recently Dennis Mahoney threw the 56-pound weight 39 feet 9½ inches.

Kid Gilsey, of Denver, Colo., was knocked out in the fourth round by Charley Williams, at Rawlins, Wyo., recently.

Melvin Sheppard, the crack miler, is far from the form that made him famous during the indoor season last Winter.

Hermis, the race horse, for whom E. R. Thomas paid \$60,000, was sold the other day at Sheephead Bay, N. Y., for \$4,000.

Jabez Wolff swam from Dover to Ramsgate, England, on Aug. 8, a distance of eighteen miles in six hours and thirty-five minutes.

The match between Kid Parker and Maurice Thompson, which was to have been decided at Burke, Idaho, July 13, was called off.

Kid Goodman's nose, which was broken in one of his contests, is bothering him so much that he is going to have an operation performed on it.

James Coffroth wanted Terry McGovern to box Jimmy Britt in California. McGovern wants a guarantee of \$10,000 for his end, win, lose or draw.

The rowdyism of the spectators at the Cooley and Bennett fight at Kenosha, Wis., recently, has caused the authorities to put the lid down on the game.

Bonnie Russell has improved so much since he has been placed in Ed Geers' hands that he is looked on as likely to be a great factor in this season's races.

The old-time trotter, Arab, 2:15, by Arthurton, died a few days ago at Harwick, Mass. He was 28 years old and during his racing career he had won 94 heats.

William Hendrie died at Hamilton, Ont., on June 27, after a lingering illness. Mr. Hendrie was President of the Ontario Jockey Club, and known all over the States and Canada.

John A. Drake's colors were in front in four of the six races at Rockingham Park, Salem, N. H., on July 11. Drake won with Rebo, Runnels, Wes and Ireland. Jockey Garner rode all four horses.

Hellstrom, the Swede, who ran third in the 1,500-meter race at Athens, has been doing some great running in England. Only recently he received 28 yards start in a half-mile handicap and came home a winner in 1:58 46.

Mike and Jack Sullivan, the New England twins, claim that they are tired boxing for small purses. They have decided to go to Alaska. The fighting game is booming there and the Sullivans don't expect any difficulty in securing matches.

Andrew Sheridan, a junior brother of the discus champion, gives promise of becoming a sterling performer with the Greek saucer. After practicing only a week the younger Sheridan showed a total of 110 feet, a remarkable performance for a novice.

Halftone Photographs.

Jericho Jack, a three-year-old pit bull, weighing 35 pounds, and owned by Arthur Dion, of the Up-To-Date Bootblack Parlors, Arctic, R. I., is one of the best dogs in the State.

On another page is a good picture of the pit bird, Irish Lad, a 7-pound Flashlight brood cock, hero of ten battles, the property of Tom Howard, of 3237 North Western avenue, Chicago, Ill.

F. A. Clarke, of East Haddam, Conn., is represented in this paper by a fine pit bird of the Shawnee breed, of which strain he is the originator. His birds are famed for being fast, sure, game, strong and healthy—and those qualities make a perfect fighter.

Edna Bertran, known in private life as Mrs. George W. Oliver, is resting at Al Kaine's Summer home at Beach Haven, N. J.

Frank J. Carson is no longer connected with the team of Carson and Rehan. He will be seen next season with his old partner, in an entirely new sketch, opening in Chicago in October.

YOU WILL KNOW CARDS

If you consult a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. Conceded to be the standard of to-day. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Police Gazette Office, New York.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

PICKED UP THROUGHOUT

THE THEATRICAL FIELD

Professionals Are Invited to Send Paragraphs of Their Doings For Publication on This Page.

GAZETTE HALF-TONE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE POPULAR

William J. Ellick to Join Hands With Clyde E. Hammond—The Great Richards Is Playing Parks—William Vesta is Making a Hit.

Paul Brachard, contortionist, has joined the Wallace Show.

Mile. Hilda reports meeting with success with the Sells & Floto Show.

Bert Marks will assume the name of Bert Howe hereafter, introducing his new novelty act, "The

William Vesta is successfully clowning with the Wallace Show.

Al G. and Mazie Belford have closed with the Frank A. Robbins Circus.

The Irwins (William J., Mile. and Kitty May) will close with the Kennedy Brothers' Wild



Photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

THE SISTERS BACHELOR.

A Charming and Talented Team of Vaudeville Artistes who have a Delightful and Interesting Act that Never Fails to Earn Them Well-deserved Applause.

Funny Hey Rube," now with the Hargreaves Show, and is booked solid for next season.

Apdale's bears and dogs are booked solid until Nov. 12, at parks and fairs.

F. W. Blessing and wife (Mabelle, the snake enchantress) are with the Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' Show.

Charles Crossman has signed with the John L. Sullivan Company for the rest of this and next season.

George Clay has taken the management of the stage at the Bijou Theatre, Lincoln, Neb., for L. M. Gorman.

Gilbert, Willis and Gerold are doing operatic duets and trios at Wheeling Park, W. Va., with success.

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an office at Kansas City, Mo., in charge of Carl E. Olson, where the exclusive booking for the circuit will be done.

Russ W. Carter closed recently with the Jack Manley Show, and is with the Dode Fisk Circus, as principal clown.

Clito, contortionist, states that he is meeting with great success with his new frog act, being featured with Hargreaves' Big R. R. Shows.

Charles Orrin Cowles and Dorothy Alden, who are playing the Nash circuit and meeting with great success, are booked up solid for the season.

Carl Clair and his band, which is one of the big features with the Barnum & Bailey Show, has been re-engaged for the same show for the next two seasons.

Hassan Ben Ali has returned to America after an extended trip to Africa. He has brought over a troupe of twenty Berber Arabs and a German family of acrobats.

Luce and Luce, in a high class musical act, after a successful fourteen weeks' on the Sullivan & Considine circuit, are en route East, returning by way of Colorado.

John F. Burke and Charles Mack are spending the Summer at Centerport, L. I., where are also Rice and Barton, the Dillon Brothers and many other professionals.

Frank Milton and De Long Sisters, who have signed with Campbell & Drew's Colonial Belle Show for next season, are spending four weeks in the Rockies in Colorado.

Barney First, the sociable guy with the educated feet, who is making a big success with his eccentric Hebrew buck dance, has signed with W. B. Watson to do Jew parts and specialties with his company next season.

Lewis and Lessington, formerly Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Lewis, will be seen in their new copyright act, "Fun in the Kealey Institute," next season. They close on the Nash circuit shortly, and will then go to their home for a few weeks' rest.

The members of the act known as "The Musical Shirleys," will, in the future, be known as "Lambert, Renshaw and Harbotte." This act has finished the Sullivan & Considine circuit; also had two weeks at the Orpheum, Los Angeles.

A new opera house was opened at Sulphur, Indian Territory, "Uncle Sam's Resort." It is 60x130, stage 32x60, and will seat 1,200. First floor, modern, and opened July 15 with A. B. Estes as manager. It is built for Summer and Winter.

Arthur Laning, manager of the Broadway Comedy Four, is back in New York looking for a good quartette of men. He recently came from Milwaukee, where he closed with Rowland & Clifford's "Old Clothes Man" Company, after a very successful season.

George W. Oliver, better known as Budd Oliver, has closed a season of forty-one weeks with Kushner's Burlesques, and is located at Hudson, N. Y. He has signed for next season with Fisher & Madden's Gaiety Girls Company, to do his dancing specialty.

The friends of William J. Ellick, the popular balladist, will no doubt be pleased to learn that after a successful engagement at Calhoun Park, he will join forces with Clyde E. Hammond, the eccentric pianist, and travel the vaudeville circuit this coming season.

The Helm Children and Kretore, after finishing one hundred and thirty-eight weeks on the Sullivan & Considine circuit, under the management of Chris O. Brown, opened a twelve weeks' engagement on Joseph J. Flynn's park circuit, with the Mozart and Gus Sun circuits to follow.

S. Z. Poli has secured control of the Jacques Theatre and the Auditorium, Waterbury, Conn., belonging to the estate of his late partner, Eugene L. Jacques. A provision in the arrangement states that Mr. Poli will spend \$10,000 in improving the Jacques Theatre, that it will always be called the Jacques, and that Mrs. Jacques will receive \$4,000 annually during the ten-year lease, with certain other privileges.

The Park Amusement Company, of Oshkosh, Wis., has decided to call its park in that city the New White City. The officers of the company are: President and General Manager, W. S. Campbell, of Marinette; Vice-president, W. E. Jones, of Milwaukee; Secretary and Treasurer, J. F. Larle, of Oshkosh; Directors, W. S. Campbell, H. O. Danforth, W. E. Jones and J. F. Larle. One of the many attractions will be the Beasley Amusement Company, which is composed of twenty-five people. This company presents a high class vaudeville.

Executive staff of the Frank A. Robbins Shows: Fred Beckmann, general agent; Dave H. Haley, contracting agent; W. M. Goodwin, manager advance car No. 1; C. W. Coleman, manager advance car No. 2; Lilian Coleman, excursion and mailing agent. Roster of car No. 2—Harry Cooke, Local No. 6, boss bill poster; A. B. Harms, Local No. 6, banners; C. W. Chubb, Local No. 6, chief excursion bill poster; Cornelius Murray, Local No. 2; William Gallagher, Local No. 30; John Tracy, Local No. 17; William Smith, Local No. 4, bill posters; R. E. Lapointe, chef; Charles Cunningham, porter.

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GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM

No. 39.



IKE SWIFT.

THE band on the platform at the end of the big hall was booming out the popular melodies of the day for dear life and the piercing notes produced by the leather-lunged piccolo player were heard as far as the street.

"That guy up there has me deaf with that flute he's blowing," remarked Big Lizzie, "and while I don't wish him any harm yet I hope he chokes."

"That knocks this place," remarked her pal, "why, I had a John in here the other day and he was wanting to buy me a new dress, and I thought he was wanting to know where I lived, and I was writing my name and number

down on a piece of paper and he got disgusted and went away. It drives 'em out, if you want to know what I think."

But it was once a famous old place when Fourteenth street was really good, and the casual visitor to New York who didn't drop in for an hour or so missed something.

It was one of the sights, and the great mechanical organ invented and built by a straight-laced Methodist is there still, although he has long ago ceased calling the attention of his friends to the fact. Its tunes today are sandwiched in with those of the band, and in the interval the trombone player gets a chance to recover his breath.

Morning, noon and night men and women wander in, sit at the little round tables, drink queer decoctions made of liquor strong enough to eat into Harveyized steel, and then go forth to tear up the town. The police pass it by as though it were nothing more serious than an ice cream parlor or a peanut emporium, while the tide of upholstered and hand painted mademoiselles sweep in on the flood and drift out on the ebb with business written in every line of their faces.

Their paths radiate like the sticks of a fan from this rendezvous of the social evil, and in their movements they show nearly all the characteristics of the honey-gathering bee.

The engaging and winsome smile of a girl not yet out of her teens had caught the eye of the man in this story, and against his will he had allowed her to lead him into this place where mirth was nothing more nor less than a mask behind which a skeleton face grinned, and where neither laughter nor anything else was sincere. Her black eyes had not yet taken on that hardness which the years to come would surely add to them, and her ways were to a certain extent ingenuous. Besides she was distinctly pretty with her Yiddish style of beauty, which was unfortunately of the kind which matures at sixteen and is old at twenty-five. Either teaching or a subtle instinct had caused her to discard the gorgeous plumes and brilliant colors which had marked her debut on the street less than a year before, and in consequence she might have passed for anything but what she was.

She had been on the stage once on a tour, but got a rough deal and quit.

He outclassed her by a hundred to one, and his source was as high as hers was low. There was no tinge of peasantry in his veins, but good successful American stock traceable back for five or six generations without a blot upon escutcheon—which, by the way, is rather rare in these days, consequently it's worth boasting about. Lured into the maelstrom of music, he found himself at one of the tables with the girl beside him, still smiling.

Liquor has different effects on different men; it turns the mild man into a savage and makes a careful one reckless in the extreme. In this particular case caution went to the four winds and sympathy—which is apt to be dangerous at times—took its place. But let youth and inexperience excuse him.

"You haven't told me your name," he said, "what is it?"

"Brown," she answered, "Jennie Brown."

"I mean your right name."

"Well, Jennie is my right name—I took the other one after I came out of the hospital. Some day, maybe, WHEN YOU PLAY CARDS

Play according to the new revised Hoyle. Just out, bigger and better than ever. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. This office,

out. What's the good of taking chances? So I hooked all my rings and other stuff, and got togged up when I came out. I'll get them all out in a month, maybe before. I got one now; see," and she held up a finger on which was a very big turquoise, surrounded by very small diamonds. "I'll get them one at a time, and then if I ever get up against it again I've got them to fall back on. It's just as good as money, only the interest is awful. Now if I only had a good friend who would—"

"Want the waiter," broke in a hoarse voice like the croak of a mammoth raven.

"Give me a claret lemonade, Harry."

"And what'll the gent have?"

"A Martini cocktail."

"Right you are."

"As I was saying, if I only had a friend who would be on the level I'd be square with him, too. I ain't got no pals, only Annie, and she's been pretty good to me, say, you ain't married, are you?"

"No, not yet," he laughed nervously as he said it. "I don't believe in fellows getting married until they're twenty-five, anyhow."

"Neither do I."

He noticed that her teeth were very white and even, and that her eyebrows and hair were jet black. The color on her cheeks had been put there with a skilled hand, and so deftly done that it passed for the real thing—in nature, not in art. Her hands were shapely, her nails manicured carefully and she had a trim figure. It was all stock in trade, but he wasn't figuring it that way. Half a dozen of the kind of drinks they had given her had torn down the barrier, so far as he was concerned, that had been raised by society between it and the Scarlet Woman, and the pathos of her story had set him thinking and had roused all of his sympathies. She had played her part with all of the subtleness of the finished actress and had told her story with such simplicity and naivete that many an older man would have been deceived by the recital. She was working up to the climax as carefully and cautiously as the hunter works up into the wind after the unsuspecting deer, or the soft footed cat ambuses the bird singing in the hedge. The emotional breed of her race helped to make her realistic, and her vivacity was contagious. Put her on the stage and she would be a success with proper training.

"If," she laid her hand caressingly on the sleeve of his coat, "if I could find someone who would get my rings out and give me a chance I would be willing to do anything for him. I don't like this life, always hustling, chased by the police and treated like a thief. But once in it's hard to get out, for no one wants to give you a chance."

He was looking over her head and watching the man with the cornet rubbing up the brass with his handkerchief.

"You are not listening to me."

"Yes, I am; I heard every word you said. How much would it cost to get your jewels out?"

"Only \$125. It might not be much for you, but it's a lot for me."

Here was the climax, so far as her story was concerned. She could have repeated those three figures long before, but she wasn't ready. She was waiting for the psychological moment and it had arrived. The picture was made and the hand was ready.

And now your attention is respectfully called to Fate, the intruder; the upholder of carefully laid plans; the wrecker; sometimes the promoter, because it does as many things for good as it does for bad. In this case, however, it was good and bad, according to the view point.

"If you wouldn't mind I'll get them out for you. Let's go now," he said.

She leaned back in her chair and smiled at him—a smile of happiness and success; the smile of a child when it gets its first Christmas doll; and then she drew a deep breath. Still smiling; her eyes half closed, she looked at him through the narrow slits and contemplated the possibilities of the future. There was no hurry and she could afford to wait, for she had won out.

A woman, coarse of feature and with fright depicted on her face, came hurrying in. She saw the girl at one end of the room and ran to her.

"Jennie, for God's sake, come quick; your Billy's just been pinched; what for?" The jubilation in her black eyes turned to terror.

"For swiping a bloke's leather. They got it on him; hurry up."

The boy stared wide-eyed at them for a moment, then pushing his chair back he arose unsteadily to his feet.

"Seventy-five cents for the drinks."

It was the waiter's voice.

He fumbled in his pocket, brought forth a handful of change, deposited it in the outstretched palm, and began to weave his way among the tables towards the door in the wake of the hurrying women.

"He's a swell kid, all right," remarked the waiter, as he counted the \$3.25 in change, "and I hope he comes back."

Ike Swift.

INSPECTOR BYRNES,

One of the most famous detectives and police officials of modern times, has told Ike Swift a story which is true from beginning to end. It is interesting if for no other reason than it came from the lips of this clever and famous man who is known over the entire world. There are a lot of things that happen in this world that are unknown to the average man or woman, and Ike Swift, who has nothing to do but to tell them to the readers of the "Police Gazette," makes it his business to find them out. This particular story will be begun in No. 151 and will run through about four issues. Your particular attention is called to the climax.



SHE HAD BEEN ON THE STAGE ONCE ON A TOUR, DOING A SPECIALTY, BUT SHE GOT AN EXCEEDINGLY ROUGH DEAL AND QUIT.

my class, and besides he had another girl and I never took a girl's fellow away in my life. If they split up then that's different, but as long as they're together I keep out of it. Every time I'd talk to anybody or go anywhere he'd be there. One night he followed me and a fellow I had that wanted to buy wine, into Sharkey's, and when he tried to start a fight with my friend one of the waiters threw him out. Of course that made him sore, and he said that he'd get even. He did, all right, for one night as I was going up stairs he was in the top hall waiting for me, and the first thing I knew he had the knife into me.

"If you won't have me, take this," he said, and then I felt an awful pain and when I put my hand up the blood was coming through my dream.

"You killed me, Jimmy," I said, "and I never done anything to you." But there wasn't any answer to that, for he was running down the stairs as fast as he could.

"I was afraid to go up to my room all alone with the blood running out all over me so I went down to the street to look for my pal, Annie. You don't know her but she's all right. It was two o'clock in the morning and there was no one around so I thought I'd walk over to Third avenue and see if I could find any of the girls there and get help. There was an electric light

began to spread out and the pool almost reached the sole of my shoe. I was wondering how long it would take before my foot got wet from it, and where it all came from, anyhow. It all seemed very funny to me; then I felt tired and shut my eyes.

"The next thing I knew I was in bed and there was a nurse there. A cop was there, too, and when I looked at him he says, 'Ha, nurse, she's out of it.'

"What place is this?" I asked.

"You're in Bellevue Hospital," he said, and he was right. I had been there two days before I knew it. What do you think of that?"

"You were unconscious," remarked the young man.

"Sure I was unconscious," she responded, "and they asked me all kinds of questions, who did it and all that, and—"

"And did you tell them who it was that stabbed you?"

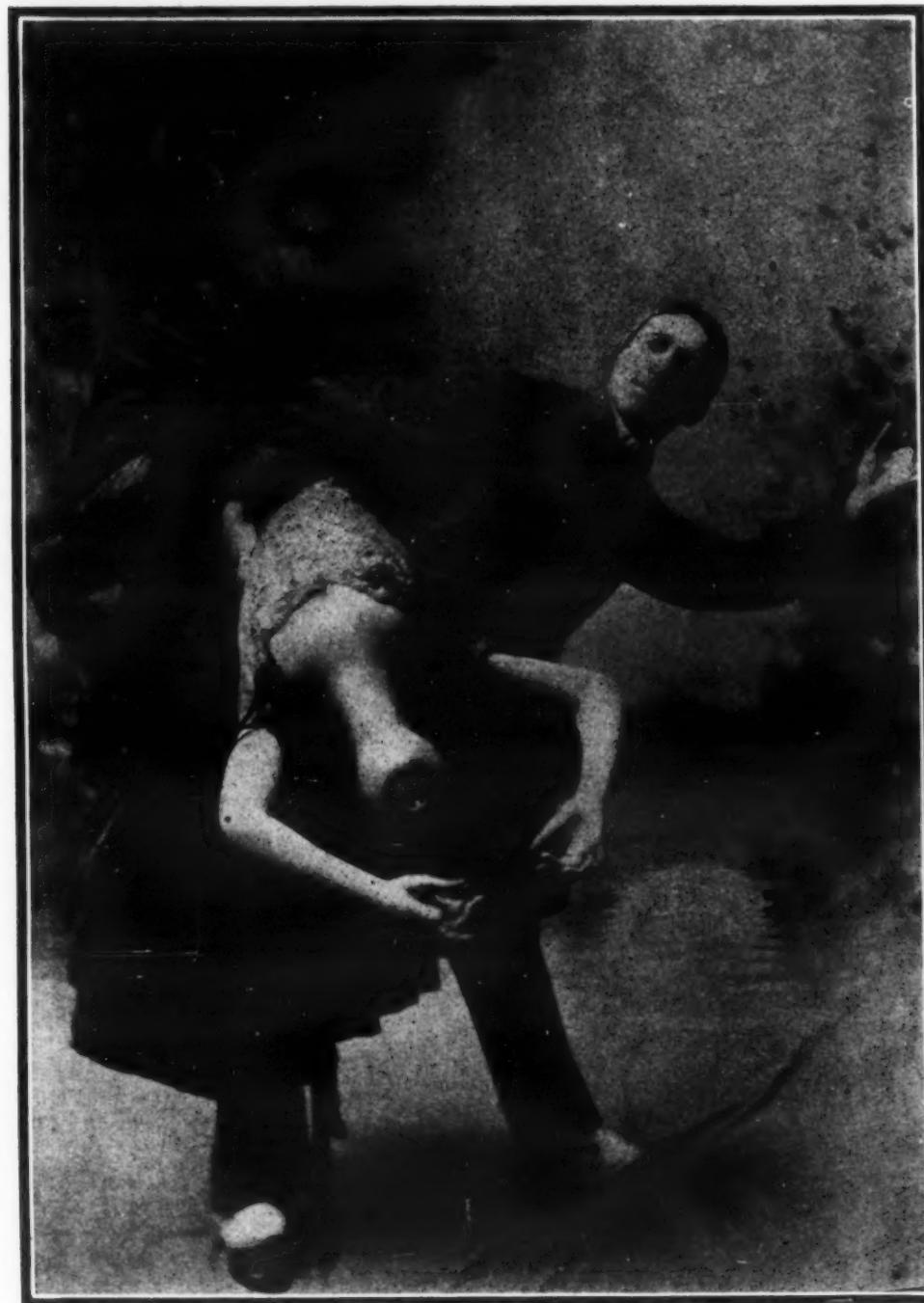
"Did I tell them? Nix; not on your life. I never rapped on anybody and I wasn't going to rap on him, for it wouldn't do me any good and it wouldn't take that stab away, would it? I thought I'd get square myself some day when I got out of the hospital and was strong again. That's the only way. Him going up the river for a couple of years wouldn't have done me any good, and maybe he'd have croaked me when he came



HERE IS A DIFFICULT POSE FOR THE BEST OF DANCERS.



EDITH BARRY, A TRIM AND PRETTY GIRL FROM CHICAGO.



WORLD AND KINGSTON, THEY DO A VERY CLEVER ACT.



THE CHIC SOUBRETTE IN THE FLOWER GARDEN CLOTHES.

STOP AND LOOK THEM OVER.

TWO TOE DANCERS, A WINSOME SOUBRETTE AND A PAIR OF VAUDEVILLE HEADLINERS.



WORKING ON A DROWNED MAN.

JAMES ARMSTRONG, A FAMOUS LIFE SAVER OF PROVIDENCE, R. I., EXPELLING WATER FROM A PATIENT.



FORCING THE LUNGS TO WORK.

WHILE ONE MAN HOLDS THE TONGUE OUT, ANOTHER WORKS THE ARMS AND ARMSTRONG MANIPULATES THE STOMACH TO INDUCE RESPIRATION.

SOME SHREWD TRICKS

-PRACTICED AT SEA-

BY OCEAN GAMBLERS

How Many Adventurers Get the Big Money While Living Luxuriously on the Ocean Wave.

SUCCESS OF BRIDGE WITH A HANDSOME BLONDE

But the Main Thing in all Games Is Quick Action, Which Sometimes Is on a Level With Highway Robbery.

If the present movement against ocean gamblers continues the species will soon be as extinct as that which used to infest the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi. It will then be in order for the next generation of story tellers to let their fancies roam over the possibilities of the past and to write anachronisms about high play on the high seas, just as it is now the fashion to spin yarns about betting negroes in jack pots before the war.

And who are these ocean gamblers? Are they a new thing or an offshoot of something old, or are they some well known kind that has simply shifted its field of operations?

There are three distinct species of gamblers known to the fraternity: the banker, the bookmaker and the hustler. The first two are men of capital, or have backers, or else they work for some one who is in that fortunate position. They are always to be found at established places of business and pretend to depend for a livelihood on a percentage of advantage in their favor in certain games of chance which require apparatus or race tracks.

To this class belong the keepers of gambling houses and their assistants, faro dealers, keno rollers, roulette spinners and croupiers. Although their methods are not always strictly fair, however loudly they may protest that they are, they do not stand in any fear of being shot or stabbed while following their vocation. There is a certain element of respectability about them, known as police protection, and their victims come to them willingly, being attracted by the established reputation of the place and the assurance that it will not be pulled.

The persons employed in these establishments work for regular hours and fixed salaries just as if they were engaged in some mercantile pursuit. Many faro dealers go to church regularly with their families, upon the principle that it is respectable, if it is nothing else.

The hustler stands upon an entirely different footing. He has no established place of business, and prides himself upon his ability to disappear utterly after he has made a haul. No regular customers come to him. He has to hunt for his prey, and having run it down he proceeds to pluck it with the greatest rapidity consistent with keeping it alive until the operation is finished.

He is about on a par with a confidence man and a little above a highwayman, because he never uses violence in despoiling his victim, but tries to amuse him while he is robbing him. He is called a hustler because he must go out on the street and hustle for a living. It never comes to him, as it does to the class of gamblers who are connected with the banking games. As a rule, a hustler is a thief who is afraid to steal.

If he has a family no one ever hears of it and he never goes to church except to keep his eye upon a possible victim for a poker game in the afternoon. He has three rules for his guidance through life: First, get a place to sleep. Second, fill your stomach before you cover your back. Third, wear the best clothes you can afford.

If he has anything left after paying his back board bill and carrying out his maximus he proceeds to blow it in at the establishments of his more prosperous brethren who run the banking games. If it were not for that method of restoring the circulation some hustlers, disregarding Mr. Carnegie's dictum, would die rich.

If the keeper of any gambling house employs steers to bring customers to his place it may be set down as a certainty that the game is crooked. If the hustler does not employ the services of a "front stall" to pick up the acquaintances which are to be fleeced later on he must pick them up himself.

He is then as low down as a business man who sweeps out his own office and runs his own errands. The gambler who works with a "front stall" or who has a silent partner to do the actual winning at the card table is in a slightly higher class than the man who works alone, and he is less liable to be shot.

Some hustlers prefer to have a woman for an assistant, in which case she is almost invariably a blonde, but the more expert prefer to rely upon their own ability to pick up suckers and are satisfied to secure comparative safety from detection by having a silent partner in the game. This was Doc Owen's scheme and is the favorite with all ocean going gamblers because it is easier to lie out of it in case of trouble.

If the long gambler is caught cheating and is not shot or thrashed on the spot, he at least has the money on his person and can often be forced to give it up. One of the gentry made a trip on the Phil Allen, which ran between Memphis and Friar's Point more than thirty years ago, and his victims tied him to the walking beam of the engine with a view to making him disgorge \$800 that he had taken from them.

A GOOD CARD PLAYER

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a view to making up a game which would have the appearance of a friendly after dinner affair.

This scheme fell through, and after another week or two he followed the foreigner on board a steamer. During the voyage he managed to repay himself handsomely for his five weeks work.

Poker is, of course, the favorite game with these ocean sharps, because they can begin with small stakes, lose largely to allay suspicion and buy drinks liberally to get the reputation of being good fellows. This secures them from any danger of being left out of the game when it gets warmed up a bit.

Most persons labor under the impression that when a professional gets into a game he wins every pot he goes into and holds a straight flush every time he deals; but such is far from being the case. It is quite enough if he can bring off three or four good coups in the course of an evening's play, and he never wins the money when he deals the cards.

His silent partner is the man who has the big hand, the dealer just staying in long enough to make the stakes worth while by raising a few times. The losses are so distributed that the lightning shall not strike in the same place too often but is sure to hit some one who is well able to pay.

It has lately come into fashion to play bridge instead of poker. Some showily dressed blonde, who should not deceive a man of the world for two minutes, picks out the easy marks, finds out whether they have any cash with them or not and then introduces her friends to the deaf ones.

After dinner the rubber at bridge is suggested and the handsome blonde is the big winner. She never makes a call that does not fit her partner's hand and never cuts a card that does not make one of her friends her partner for the next rubber.

After she has held a hundred aces four times in three rubbers the victim usually concludes there is some theory about the game which he does not quite understand, and he settles up and leaves the table as politely as he can, the blonde being "awfully sorry" about it.



J. H. GILLIS. D. PARKER. G. W. CUMMING.

Dan Parker is Backing the other two men, who are Hardy Athletes, to Walk From Sydney, Nova Scotia, to San Francisco, and Back.

robbing two Spanish fruit dealers by means of a game called blind hookeye, which is a great favorite on ocean steamers.

The Spaniards complained, and a member of Parliament who was on board was asked to act in his capacity as a magistrate, and a jury was impanelled from the passenger list to try the Egyptian, as he was called, with all the formalities of an English court of law. A Chicago lawyer was appointed to defend him, and when he refused to appear a sergeant-at-arms was sent after him, and brought him into the smoking room by force.

The Egyptian's defence shows how most of his class work. He admitted that he had been the banker, and that the Spaniards had lost a lot of money, but he insisted that he was none the richer, because another man had been very lucky and had won it all from him in the same game. This man was of course, the silent partner, and although he was present he offered no evidence in defence of his benefactor, who was obliged to turn over to the court French notes to the value of fifteen thousand francs which he had in his stateroom and was told to leave the boat at Queenstown.

The time and patience displayed by some hustlers in tracking their prey is marvellous, and when one hears of the big hauls made on certain ships by a gang of sharpers it must be remembered that the money they win is the reward of perhaps weeks of watching and waiting.

About four years ago Doc Owen got his eye on a likely victim in a hotel in Paris, but he could neither get acquainted with him without exciting suspicion nor find a good source of introduction. Two weeks later he followed him to London, where he made advances to a business man whom he had met before with

It is a curious fact that professional gamblers are usually very poor card players. This is because they have leaned so long on their advantage playing that they get careless about the finer points of the game.

The Chicago Whist Club played a duplicate match against four of the finest professional card sharps in Cook County some years ago and beat them hollow. A husky looking Irishman from Alaska who was on the Carmania last Winter evidently knew this as he insisted on shuffling the cards, no matter whose deal it was, and threatened to break their backs by the energy he put into the operation.

He was quietly warned that he was playing with professionals, but that seemed only to urge him on, and he played as if he knew he had the best of it as long as he was sober enough to shuffle the cards every time. It must be confessed that when the professionals concluded they had had enough of the game the Irishman was quite a winner.

These are the exceptions. The men who can do that kind of thing have as much nerve as the sharps they play against, and that is why they win. The ordinary ocean traveller would as soon think of jumping overboard as to ask a comparative stranger in a friendly game to allow him to shuffle the cards on another man's deal.

He may suspect something wrong and leave the game; but when he does so he leaves his cash behind, and although he may be missed for a moment the hustler can always console himself with his favorite axiom, "There is a sucker born every minute."

The man who wants to play bridge or poker, and win legitimately, can do no better than to get the books published by Richard K. Fox.

LIFE SAVING

-REVIVING THE DROWNED-

BY AN EXPERT

James Armstrong, a Medal Man, of Providence, R. I., Discourses.

James Armstrong, who is a well-known life saver, posed for the pictures printed on another page. He is a Government life saver now, and he has done good work in the service. He is the proud possessor of many valuable trophies. He has been very successful in restoring persons who were apparently drowned, and the benefit of his knowledge is now given to the readers of the GAZETTE. Here are his rules and suggestions:

Immediately upon taking the person from the water expose the face to the wind, wipe the mouth and nose, remove the clothing from the chest and waist, and slap the cheeks smartly with the open hand. To expel water, separate the jaws and keep them apart with a cork or piece of wood, turn the patient on his face, place a large bundle of clothing tightly rolled under his stomach and press heavily on the back for as long as the water continues to flow from the mouth.

To produce breathing, clear the mouth and throat of mucus with the corner of a handkerchief wrapped about the forefinger; turn the patient on his back, pinching the roll of clothing so as to raise the pit of the stomach above the level of the rest of the body. Let an assistant with a handkerchief or piece of dry cloth draw the tip of the tongue out of one corner of the mouth (which prevents the tongue from falling back and choking the entrance to the windpipe), and keep it projecting a little beyond the lips. Let another assistant grasp the arms just below the elbows and draw them steadily upward by the sides of the patient's head to the ground, the bands nearly meeting (which enlarges the capacity of the chest and induces respiration). While this is being done let a third assistant take position astride the patient's hips with his elbows resting upon his own knees, his hands extended ready for action. Next, let the assistant standing at the head turn down the patient's arms to the sides of the body, the assistant holding the tongue changing hands if necessary to let the arms pass. Just before the patient's hands reach the ground the man astride the body will grasp the body with his hands, the balls of the thumb resting on either side of the pit of the stomach, the fingers falling into the grooves between the short ribs. Now, using his knees as a pivot, he will at the moment the patient's hands touch the ground throw (not too suddenly) all his weight forward on his hands, and at the same time squeeze the waist between them as if he wished to force anything in the chest upward out of the mouth; he will deepen the pressure while he slowly counts one, two, three, four (about five seconds), then suddenly let go with final push, which will bring him back to his first position. This completes expiration.

At the instant of his letting go, the man at the patient's head will again draw the arms steadily upward to the sides of the patient's head as before (the assistant holding the tongue again changing hands to let the arms pass if necessary), holding them there while he slowly counts one, two, three, four (about five seconds). Repeat these movements deliberately and perseveringly twelve to fifteen times in every minute—thus imitating the natural motions of breathing.

If natural breathing is not restored after a trial of the bellows movement for the space of about four minutes, then turn the patient a second time on the stomach, rolling the body in the opposite direction from that in which it was turned, for the purpose of freeing the air passage from any remaining water. Continue the artificial respiration from one to four hours, or until the patient breathes, and for a while after the appearance of returning life, carefully aid the first short gasps until deepened into full breaths. Continue the drying and rubbing, which should have been unceasingly practiced from the beginning by assistants, taking care not to interfere with the means employed to produce breathing. Thus the limbs of the patient should be rubbed, always in an upward direction toward the body, with firm-grasping pressure and energy using the bare hands, dry flannels, or handkerchiefs, and continuing the friction under the blankets or over the dry clothing. The warmth of the body can also be promoted by the application of hot flannels to the stomach and armpits, bottles or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, etc., to the limbs and soles of the feet.

As soon as breathing is established let the patient be stripped of all wet clothing, wrapped in blankets only, put to bed comfortably warm, but with a free circulation of fresh air, and left to perfect rest. Give whiskey or brandy and hot water in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according to the weight of the patient, or other stimulant at hand, every ten or fifteen minutes for the first hour, and as often thereafter as may seem expedient. After reaction is fully established there is great danger of congestion of the lungs, and if perfect rest is not maintained for at least forty-eight hours, it sometimes occurs that the patient is seized with great difficulty of breathing, and death is liable to follow unless immediate relief is afforded. In such cases apply a large mustard plaster over the breast. If the patient gasps for breath before the mustard takes effect assist the breathing by carefully repeating the artificial respiration.

A POOR SUBSTITUTE.

George Ashley, of Fall River, Mass., was scheduled to box twelve rounds with Belfield Walcott, at Gloucester, Mass., on July 9, but failed to show up. He sent a message that he had broken his hand.

Johnny Collins, the ex-amateur champion of New England, was substituted. He made his professional debut, and was knocked out in the third round.

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Will be able to mix drinks if he has the New Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, the best of its kind. Price 25 cts.; postage 5 cts. extra.

THE MILITARY EXERCISES are the Best in HOT WEATHER--No Apparatus--Only Six 2c. Stamps

CHAMPION JOE WALCOTT

SHOWS HE IS STILL MASTER OF THE WELTERWEIGHTS BY

BEATING JACK DOUGHERTY

The Bout was an Interesting One All the Way Through
but the Black Demon was Never in Danger.

PARR WINS IN A SCIENTIFIC BOUT WITH MAYNARD

Harry Lewis was Too Clever for Jimmy Briggs---Joe Grimm Again Used as a Human Punching Bag---Flynn-Sullivan's Good Draw.

The Eastern debut of Jack Dougherty, the Milwaukee welterweight, proved a disastrous one for the Westerner at the Lincoln A. C., at Chelsea, Mass., on July 10 when he fought the Black Demon, Joe Wal-

cott. Dougherty rushed the Demon to the ropes, landing left and right. He had a good chance to put the Barbadoes negro away and swung a hard one at Walcott's jaw, but Joe managed to duck out of his reach.

Dougherty opened the sixth round with a right to the heart and then walked into one of Walcott's right-hand swings to the stomach. Dougherty got a left to the head. Walcott missed a left to the stomach and Jack sent a stiff one to the wind. Joe got in two hard rights to the kidneys. They clinched, and when they broke away Walcott sent a right and left to Dougherty's wind. They were in a hot mix-up when the bell rang.

Dougherty landed a hard smash on Walcott's nose at the opening of the seventh round. They sparred quite a while for an opening. Walcott got his right to the stomach. He missed a right to the head, but landed a left on the stomach. He followed with a right to the same spot. They clinched and Walcott pounded Jack's kidneys. He rushed Dougherty to the ropes and they were clinched when the bell sounded.

In the eighth Dougherty put a hard right to Walcott's head, but it was too far up to be effective. Walcott sent an uppercut to Jack's jaw and then rushed in sending right and left to the body. They mixed it up and Jack got in a good left to the head. Joe swung a hard right to the kidneys and a left to the ribs. A fierce mix-up followed and Joe got in a hard smash to Dougherty's jaw. He followed it up with a left to the other side of the Western man's face and Dougherty went to the floor and was unable to get up while the referee counted ten.

JIM PARR WON.

One of the best wrestling matches ever witnessed in Duluth, Minn., occurred recently between Jim Parr and Billy Maynard.

The match was a revelation in the art of wrestling, both in point of speed and in the science of the game. Many new holds were used and the game was fierce from start to finish.

Parr took the first fall after sixteen minutes and thirty-five seconds of the hardest work on the mat ever seen in Duluth. He turned the trick with a scissors and bar hold with Maynard's head between his legs. He held him in this position for about two minutes and waited for Maynard to draw up his right foot in order to ease the strain on his back. This Maynard finally was forced to do and like lightning Parr had him by the ankle—the hold he was waiting for. In twenty seconds more he forced Maynard's shoulders to the mat.

The second round came swift. In three minutes and three seconds Maynard brought Parr to his back with an arm lock and crotch hold which he secured before Parr had a chance to prevent, and while the latter struggled bravely against the deadly lock he was forced to yield. This is one of Gottch's creations and his favorite hold. He claims that it is impossible for any man to get loose once he gets into it.

The third round was almost as quick. Parr was in for blood and the feeling between the two men had by this time become desperate. It took just two minutes for Parr to strike the hold he was after, which was the deadly English cross lock and half-Nelson. In one minute and sixteen seconds more Maynard succumbed to the pain of the vise-like leverage on his shoulder and Referee Madden's hand fell on the back of Parr.

CLEVER MAN WON.

Harry Lewis, the Philadelphia lightweight, won the decision over Jimmy Briggs, the sturdy boxer, in a grueling ten-round battle at Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 12.

Lewis was too clever for the New England boy, though Briggs was the aggressor.

Briggs made a play for Lewis' stomach with nearly every punch, but the Philadelphian would cleverly block the blow and send crashing lefts to the face of the Boston boy that all but toppled him.

The boys were toe-to-toe in each division of the battle and mixed freely and willingly, bringing the crowd to its feet at the conclusion of each round.

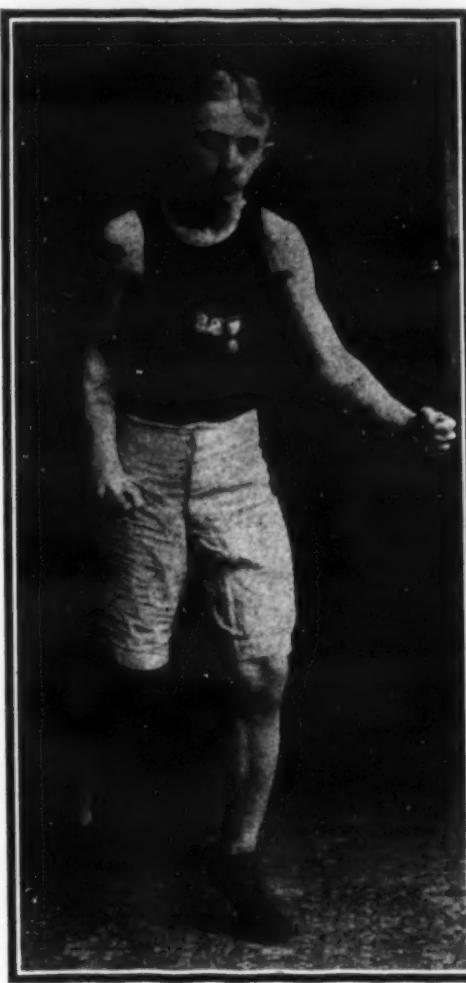
In the sixth round Lewis led over a heavy left that gashed Briggs' cheek, causing the blood to flow freely. Lewis came out of the battle without a mark.

GRIM GOT HIS AGAIN.

Joe Thomas, the Pacific Coast welterweight, made his debut in the East at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on July 12, in a six-round argument with Joe Grim, and gave the Human Punching Bag a severe beating.

Though he did not stop Grim, Thomas showed that he is a clever, two-handed boxer, and made a favorable impression with the Philadelphia fight critics.

Grim had a big advantage in weight over Thomas, but the Western man showed that with men of his own class, like Jimmy Gardiner or Honey Melody, he would be a dangerous man in the ring. He is a trim-built fellow, well proportioned and is quick on his feet.



CHARLES T. DAVIES.

A Professional Middle-distance Runner who will make a Match for Ten or Fifteen Miles.

cott. Dougherty was in line for championship honors and his work in the West won for him many admirers who watched his progress with interest.

Walcott was the favorite at odds of 2 to 1. The men weighed in at 142 pounds, the weighing being done at 6 o'clock. The conditions were that they were to box straight Queensberry rules. Walcott entered the ring first.

Dougherty was the first to lead after they had shaken hands. He got a right to Joe's head and they clinched. Walcott shot a stiff one to Dougherty's stomach, sending Jack to the ropes. They clinched, and Walcott pounded Dougherty's kidneys hard. He swung at Dougherty's head, but missed him. Then he got in two blows on the Western boxer—a right to the heart and a left to the stomach. They clinched, and Dougherty got a left to the head, and a second later followed with a jab to the face. They mixed it up, Dougherty getting a hard right to the jaw. Walcott swung his left to Jack's jaw, knocking him down. Dougherty took the count and the bell sounded.

Walcott opened the second with a hard left to Dougherty's neck and an uppercut to the jaw. Walcott rushed Dougherty, and, getting him on the ropes, pounded him over the kidneys. Then he put his left and right to the head. Dougherty did some good work, landing left and right on Walcott's face, but they were not hard enough to phase the black fellow. Joe swung at Dougherty and missed, and he appeared to be stalling as the bell rang.

The third round was not a serious one. There was some hitting, in which Dougherty landed several times on the head and Walcott drummed on Jack's kidneys, and there was a lot of clinching.

Dougherty had the best of the fourth round on points. He landed several blows on Walcott. Once he rushed Joe to the ropes, landing left and right. Walcott got in a couple on Jack's stomach.

Walcott went for Dougherty's kidneys and got in

RECORDS! RECORDS!

Every actor should have a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" with 30 illustrations, because it contains facts they ought to know. Six 2-cent Stamps gets it.

The semi-windup was a spirited contest between Kid Stinger and Battling Stinger. They fought hard every second they were in the ring, and it was about even at the end. Young Dixon stopped the Ace of Clubs in the sixth round, and Battling Kelly defeated Kid Harris.

WEST STOWED SMITH AWAY.

Tommy West, of California, a bantam, stowed away Frank Smith, at Pinole, Cal., recently.

West beat his opponent from the tap of the gong, and in the fifth round Referee Matson ended the bout as Smith was all in.

While the go lasted it was a warm affair as both boys slugged from start to finish.

FLYNN A SURPRISE.

Jack (Twin) Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., and Jim Flynn fought fifteen fast rounds to a draw at the Pueblo (Colo.) A. C., on July 12. The battle, if viewed from a scientific standpoint, belonged to Sullivan, but Referee Holman evidently considered Flynn's aggressive tactics, who bored in and carried the fighting to his opponent in every round.

A large majority of the audience was well satisfied when Referee Holman called the fight a draw. Both men were in the pink of condition and fought every minute of the fifteen rounds. It is deemed a big feather in Flynn's cap to have been able to fight a draw with a man like Jack Sullivan, and the Pueblo fighter's friends are much elated, predicting great things for him in the future.

Baseball Notes.

Christy Mathewson is a long distance from being in form.

Catcher Cooper, of the Providence Club, has jumped to the outlaw league.

Charley Jones has a great throwing arm, but his aim is not too accurate.

Third Baseman Brouthers, of Philadelphia, has been sold to New Orleans.

Manager and Outfielder Troy, of the defunct Butler (Pa.) Club, will sign with Brooklyn.

The leading batter in the Southern League so far this season is Bill Douglas, the ex-Quaker.

The Toronto management has turned down an offer of \$1,500 from Boston for First Baseman Flynn.

Pitcher Beebe and Catcher Noonan, of Chicago, have been traded for Pitcher Jack Taylor, of St. Louis.

Mike Donlin's leg is rid of its plaster cast, and McGraw expects that he will soon be able to do some work.

George Tebene is the boss gold beater. In the past few years he has hired good ball players cheaply that have hammered out several thousand dollars' worth of that metal.

Al Selbach did a very graceful thing before leaving Boston to join the Providence team. He gave each Hoey and Hayden, the new outfielders, one of his favorite bats, with his best wishes.

Leftfielder Shannon, of the St. Louis National League team, and Shortstop Shay, have been traded to the New York Nationals, it is rumored, for Outfielder Mertes and Catcher Marshall.

Si Seymour, centerfielder of the Cincinnati National League team, was sold to the New York Nationals recently. The price paid was not given out. Seymour led the National League in batting last season.

Malachi Kittridge is now being advertised as the next man to try to catch a baseball dropped from the top of the Washington monument. Bill Schriver

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

N. A. Smith and Daniel Myers, both of whom claim the sprinting championship of Buffalo, N. Y., can settle the question of supremacy if they care to accept the invitation of E. W. McIntyre,



TONY SALVIO.

A Youthful Athlete who is a Clever Boxer and Wrestler, and is Fast on the Cinder Path.

President of the Buffalo Lacrosse Club, to meet in conjunction with the Lacrosse games of the club at Olympic Park, Buffalo, N. Y., on July 28.

Lawrence Gaffney, of 576 Newark avenue, Jersey City, N. J., will back Harry Crawford against any heavyweight wrestler in the State.

John G. Hughey, a colored lightweight of Memphis, would like to meet anyone in that vicinity. He can be found at 403 North Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Manager Alf Dunn, of 464 Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., is looking for a match for Johnny Allen, of Philadelphia, with any of the featherweight boxers.

Joe Anderson, a young Swedish wrestler of Bridgeport, Conn., who is fast on the mat at catch-as-catch-can style, would like to meet any of the New York mat artists.

Robert McCoy, a well-known sporting man of Norristown, Pa., who is a great admirer of Al Granger, the featherweight boxer, is willing to back Granger for any part of \$1,000 with anyone in his class.

John Yaeger, of 2291 Third avenue, New York, and somewhat of a long distance pedestrian, has won several contests during the past year. He has decided to enter the ranks of the professionals, and is after a match from twenty-five to one hundred miles, for a purse.

Bob Tucker, a fancy bag pumper of Buffalo, N. Y., would like to compete with any in the Bison City in a contest for a trophy.

Kid Murphy, the New York bantam, finds it hard to induce any of the 110-pounders to meet him and wants to know that he is ready to battle with anyone at the above weight.

Kid Pantz, of Boston, who was defeated by Belfield Walcott, is anxious for another match. Pantz says he took the match on two days' notice and did not have time to get in shape.

Any catch-as-catch-can wrestler, weighing about 155 pounds, who is looking for a match, will be accommodated by Henry Weigold, of Fort Madison, Iowa. Weigold is a Russian, and during the two years he has been in this country has made good on the mat.

John T. Dougherty, the well-known boxing promoter and former manager of Matty Matthews and Joe Bernstein, called on the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE recently and stated that he was desirous of matching Jimmy Stone, a New York bantam, against Sonny Smith, of Albany, N. Y., whose challenge appeared in a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Dougherty will make the match at 115 pounds ringside, with a side bet, and can be found at this office.

RECORDS! RECORDS!

A GOOD BARTENDER

Ought to have the NEW Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, because it will keep him posted on up-to-date drinks. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



F. E. STILLWELL.

Of the Imperial Barber Shop, Geneva, N. Y., with his Sporting Trick Dog which he will Match.

once attempted it, but the ball bounced out of his mitt. No catcher ever has accomplished the trick.

Pitcher Kroh, of Albany, probably will not join the Bostons until the close of the New York State League season.

With his pitchers coming right, Clark Griffith does not see how he can be beaten for the American League pennant.

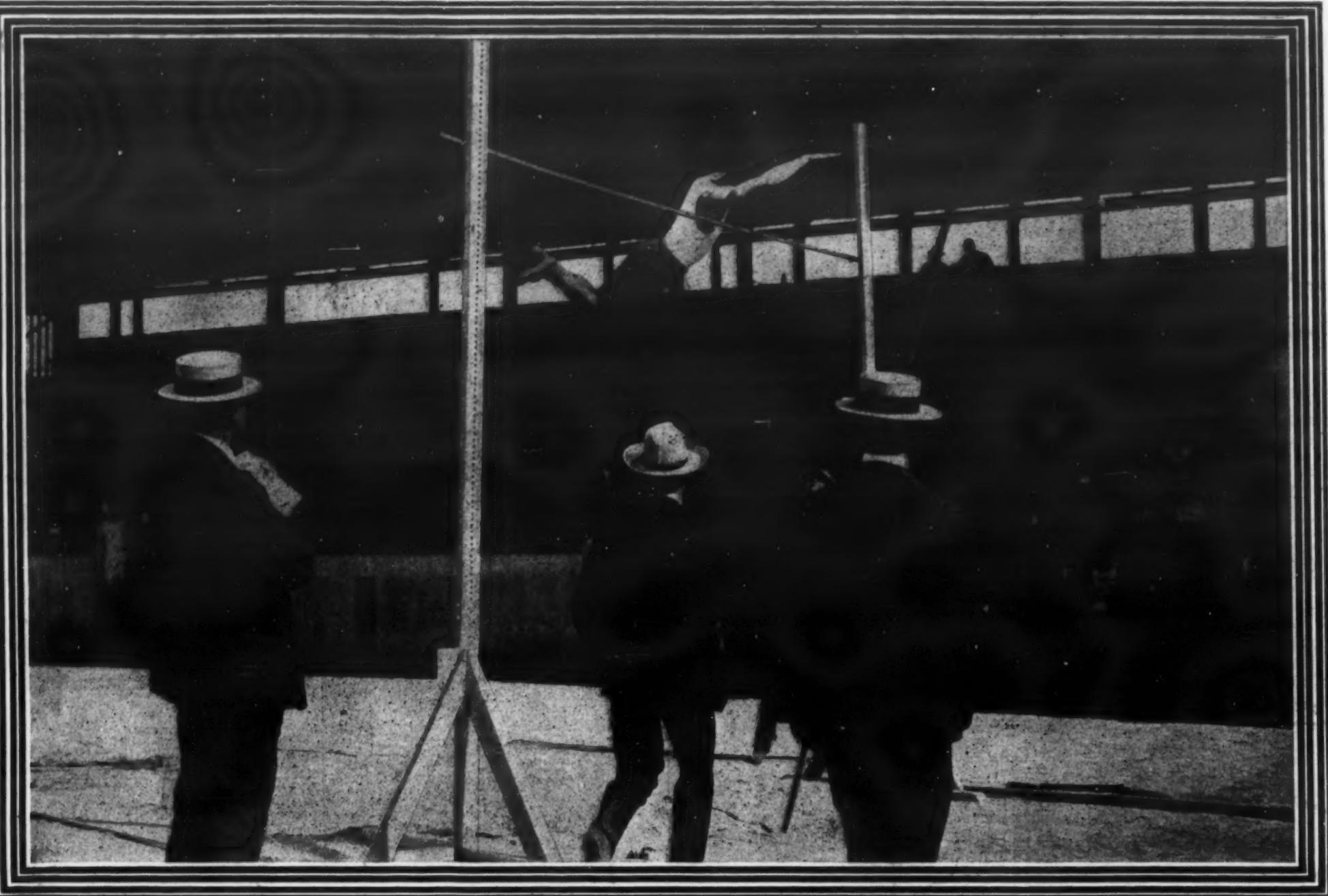


Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Portland Ore.

CLEARING THE BAR NICELY.

GILBERT, THE STURDY YOUNG ATHLETE OF PORTLAND, ORE., WINNING THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP POLE VAULT AT ELEVEN FEET AND ONE INCH.



OFF FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE FIRING OF THE PISTOL SENDS THE 100-YARD BOYS INTO THE WATERS OF THE SCHUYLKILL FOR THE SCHOOL TITLE OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.



HE'S A BAD ONE.

A WELL-TRAINED WYOMING COWBOY MOUNTED ON A BUCKING BRONCO, WHICH IS SHOWING OFF HIS NUMEROUS TRICKS TO GOOD ADVANTAGE.



AFTER THE RACE.

A SLOW WALK, FOLLOWED BY A GOOD RUB DOWN KEEPS THE METTLESOME RACE HORSE IN GOOD CONDITION TO BRING HOME THE SEASON'S MONEY.

JACK O'BRIEN MAY FIGHT

-\$15,000 IN PURSES OFFERED HIM TO DO SO—

BEST THREE IN ENGLAND

Joe Walcott, by His Clever Victory over Jack Dougherty, Regains His Title of Welterweight Champion.

WILLIE FITZGERALD WANTS TO BOX BATTLING NELSON

Small Talk in Pugilism—Spike Robson Will Fight Tommy Murphy Again—Bowker Slow to Accept Attell's Offer—'Frisco Again a Fight Centre.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien has enjoyed such marvelous success as a fighter in England that he will doubtless accept with alacrity Jemmy Lownes offer of \$15,000 to fight three men before the Newcastle Club. Lownes' plan is to frame up three matches with O'Brien against the best three men in England—such as they are—for \$5,000 each, the final match being between the Philadelphian and Jack Palmer, England's present heavyweight champion. This looks like a real good spot for O'Brien to "cop" a piece of nice money, especially as \$1,000 expenses for him is included in the offer. O'Brien ought to be able to beat the best three men in England in one night, and perhaps he can make some such an arrangement with the promoters of the affair. The best three men in England to-day should have no terrors for Philadelphia Jack, and as far as Palmer, the champion, is concerned, he figures as a joke.

Joe Walcott has come into his own again. Two years ago he retired from the ring and renounced his undisputed right to the title of welterweight champion. Since then the honor has been variously claimed until recently when Joe Gans "copped" it, and has ever since been in possession. Walcott came back to the fighting game the other night and won from Jack Dougherty, of Milwaukee, in such a manner as to prove that he is fit to defend his title against any of the ambitious weavers who have been vociferously claiming it since the news went out that Joe's hand was irretrievably ruined by the shooting accident of two years ago.

Walcott's opponent has to his credit, among a long series of victories in the last year, a draw with Jimmy Gardiner and Honey Melody, so it must be admitted that Walcott's re-entry into the ring was not made against any "easy mark."

While Walcott was in fine physical condition, and showed all the signs of conscientious training, he was not as fast as he was three or four years ago, and it was noticeable that while he could hit, and hit hard with his damaged right hand, it was not the weapon of old. His left was his effective hand, and it was with left hooks that he knocked Dougherty down in the first round, and put him away in the eighth.

Dougherty made a good impression. He is clever, fast and can hit hard with both hands. He is most certainly a match for any boxer of his weight in the ring, but he was beaten, and beaten beyond the shadow of a doubt, by the Boston colored man who has held the title in his class so many years during which time he has had few battles against men in his class, and has had to get middle and heavyweights, defeating so many of them that he came to be known as the "Giant Killer."

Even though Dougherty may have counted on Walcott being out of condition and having a useless right hand, he deserves great credit for facing the black demon at all. It is a fact that Dougherty is the first white boxer in his class who has faced him in a number of years. The bout was for the welterweight championship of the world, and was contested at weight, both men weighing in under 142 pounds.

If Battling Nelson persists in his determination not to fight Joe Gans, he might do worse than turn his attention to Willie Fitzgerald, who is just pinning for a chance to do up the Dane. Fitzgerald, although a veteran, is fighting as well as he ever did in his life. Like old vintage, he seems to be improving with age, and it is no telling he might reach the goal of his ambition—the champion—yet. One thing is certain, he gave Jimmy Britt the toughest battle of his career up to the time he fought Battling Nelson. Fitzgerald was the first fighter to score a clean knockdown over J. Edward, and when it came off many thought it was curtains for the 'Frisco favorite. By stalling and using his head, Britt rallied and came back and copped the decision, though it was a close call. What brought Willie into prominence of late was his triumph over Ambry McGarry, pronounced by many competent judges as a comer. Since then he beat Jeff Doherty, the champion of Connecticut, with eight-ounce gloves. Doherty went the limit—six rounds—with Fitzgerald, but he did it by running away, and of course the "pillows" worn by the principals helped Jeff. In the Nutmeg State now eight-ounce gloves are the smallest allowed, so knockouts are few and far between. Willie now wants a crack at Nelson, and to an impartial mind he is as much entitled to a match as a lot of lightweights who are firing challenges at the Dane. But might best Willie, but it would be busy mill while it lasted. Having a stinging punch, Fitzgerald would rock Nelson if he succeeded in landing it, and no one will argue that Bat is difficult to hit.

Tommy Murphy, the Harlem featherweight, hates to admit that Spike Robson, of England, "has it on him," and so he has asked for and will be given a chance at an early date in Philadelphia to see if

STRENGTHEN YOUR LUNGS

By practicing the exercises in Prof. Ittmann's book on Physical Culture and Breathing. Profusely illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. This office.

the match offered him with Abe Attell, and it looks now as if the latter would be compelled to go to England and force the issue. Since Attell's defeat of Frankie Neil, every effort has been made by Manager McCrary, of Los Angeles, to have Bowker accept his offer, but up to this time not a word has been heard from the little Briton. There is no question about Attell's right to meet Bowker in an international fight. It is doubtful if there is a man in the ring to-day who can give Attell a hard argument at the weight. Certainly there are none in America. They have all tried it and Neil was about the last hope. Just how good Bowker is, of course, is something of an unknown quantity, as his victory over Neil a couple of years ago was far from being decisive, it being generally understood that he was awarded the decision on account of Neil's rough style of fighting. Although the English ideas of fighting are somewhat different from those obtaining in this country, there is hardly any doubt that Attell could win from Bowker in London as easily as on his native heath. Attell's style, in fact, would just suit the Britishers, who fancy the scientific end of the game with plenty of cleverness and rapid footwork, as opposed to the Wade-in-and-Slug manner of doing battle, which has been the generally approved pattern on this side of the pond ever since the coming of Terry McGovern, who was really the fighter who brought such methods into popularity.

of how he won a four round decision over Berger is a sad one when the latter recalls it. Rodenbach, who was the middleweight amateur champion of the East, also held the heavyweight title, and he went to the Coast to meet Berger, who was the amateur heavyweight champion of the Coast. Rodenbach got the decision on points.

"He certainly got the decision," admitted Berger, "but there were extenuating circumstances. In all the



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BY RICHARD K. FOX.

JOE WALCOTT.

Who again Demonstrated his Ability to Defend the Welterweight Championship.

amateur bouts on the Coast I had boxed under Queensberry rules, which, when correctly interpreted, permits a man to hit whenever his hands are free, and specifically prohibits holding.

"But when Rodenbach arrived, he insisted on boxing under A. A. U. rules, which compel the contestants to step back without a blow every time they come together. Under these rules one round was like all the others. Rodenbach would feint and jab, after which he would go to a clinch and then both would step back. Why, the part in my hair had not been disturbed at the end of the fourth round. I don't desire to deprive Rodenbach of any of his credit, but those are the real facts of the case."

Berger is a graduate of that Queensberry College of the West, the Olympic A. C., of San Francisco, from which issued such experts as Jim Corbett, Chojinski, Britt and others.

If Spike Robson, the English Lightweight, is willing to fight Terry McGovern a six-round bout in the Quaker City, and a suitable incentive is offered by the matchmaker of the National A. C., the bout will come off. Joe Humphreys, manager of McGovern, announced that he will let Terry box the Englishman just as soon as he receives an offer which he thinks will make it worth McGovern's trouble to get in condition for the battle.

Battling Nelson and Kid Herman, of Chicago, will fight at Oakland, Cal., on the afternoon of Sept. 10. Morris Levy left for the East to complete the necessary arrangements. While details as to weight and division of receipts have not been agreed upon, the men virtually have pledged themselves to accept the Hayes Valley Club's terms, and it only remains for Levy to secure their signatures to the necessary documents to bind the match.

Few will mourn over the fact that Marvin Hart has announced his retirement from the ring. Since his defeat by Tommy Burns Hart has never been the same man he was. With Hart out of the ring the principal heavies now in the game are Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Sam Berger, Al Kauffman, Gus Ruhlin, Tommy Burns, Bob Fitzsimmons and Sandy Ferguson.

Coincident with Joe Walcott's return to the ring, Kid Lavigne, his old rival, also says he will take another crack at the game. Lavigne in his day was the greatest of all the lightweights, and he might have held his title for ten years, as little Dixon did, if he hadn't taken to the booze route.

After being a physical wreck, Lavigne retired to Paris, where he worked in a gymnasium for years. He stopped drinking and tried to come back to his old form. Now he is in his old Michigan home, and wants to take a fresh start in the fighting game.

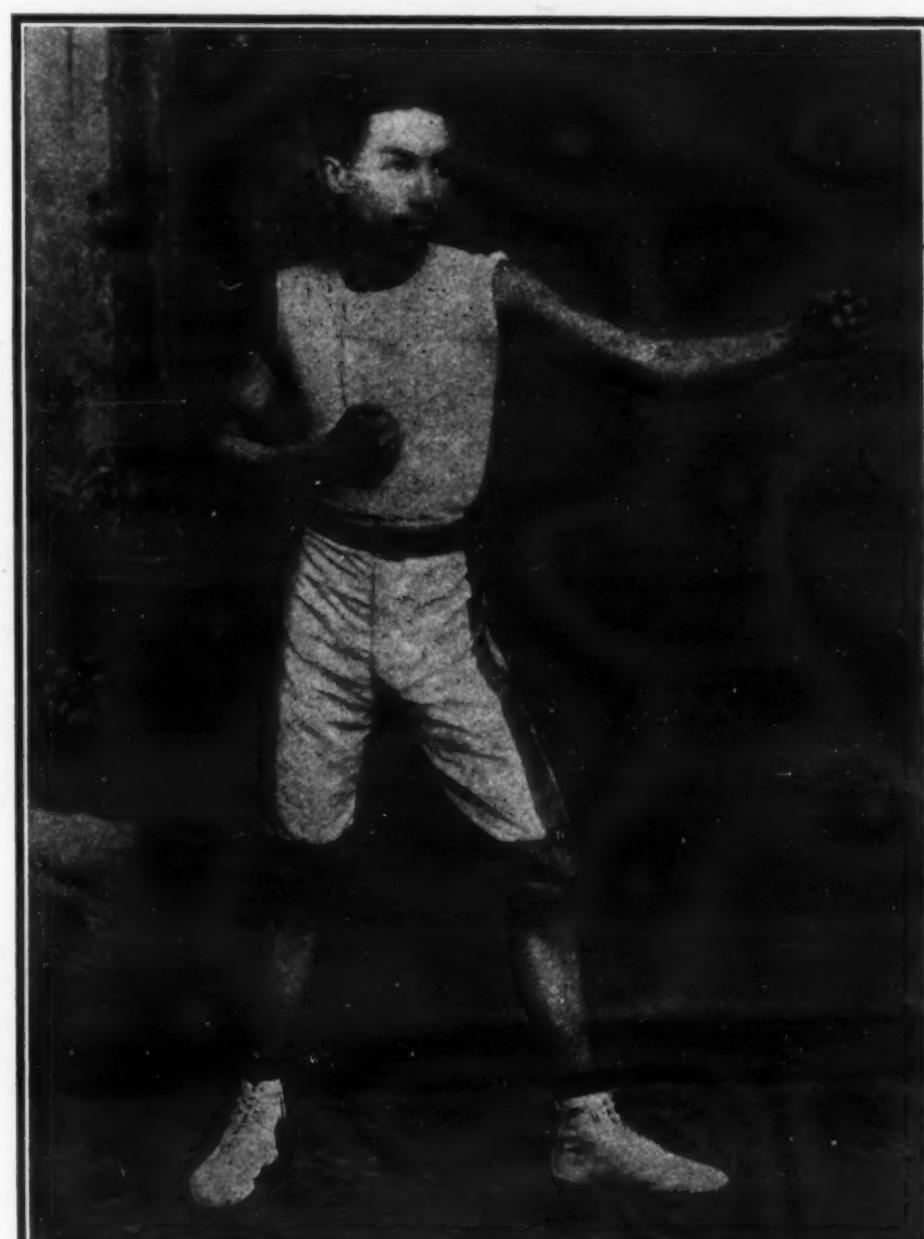
Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion, having conquered all the wrestlers, intends seriously to take up the fighting game. He wants to get on a few matches with second-rate heavyweights first, just to get his hand in. He isn't looking for "lemons," but he needs the practice and experience. Hack won't have to go out of England to find men to fill the bill. After that, he says, he will send a polite note to Mr. Jeffries, inviting him to come out and see which of the two is the best man in the world.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

AMERICAN WINS ENGLISH TITLE

The 100-yard amateur swimming match for the championship of the world, at Nottingham, Eng., was won by C. M. Daniels, American, who completed the distance in 58 3-5 seconds, beating the record by two-fifths of a second. Cecil Healy, the amateur champion of Australia, was second, and J. H. Derbyshire, of Manchester, third. Zollan de Hahmey, last year's winner, was badly beaten.

THIS PUBLICATION IS
Invaluable to everyone interested in Athletics—The Official Book of Rules for All Sports. Revised and up-to-date. Mailed on receipt of seven 2-cent stamps.



V. F. SEQUEIRA.

He's the Champion Bantamweight Boxer of Bangkok, Siam, who has Run Short of Opponents, having Knocked Them All Out.

shows where men have been so totally outclassed as Murphy was can come back in two or three weeks and reverse conditions. Before Robson returns to England there are a number of followers of boxing who would like to see him in a bout with Tim Callahan. The latter is one of the cleverest boxers at his weight, and he is still in his prime. Callahan was not in the best of shape for a couple of years, but a good, long rest seemed to fix him up all right; and the last two or three times he has boxed he appeared to go even better than he did before. Callahan is a clever boxer with both hands, fast on his feet and can pound hard for a man of his weight. He has a cool head and is generally able to pull himself out of tight places. Robson might beat Callahan, but he would need all the science at his command and they ought to make a very interesting six-round contest.

The East knows little, if anything, about Sam Berger, the big fellow who fought Jack O'Brien the other night, but the Pacific Coast experts who have seen him develop from an amateur into a professional in just the same manner that Jeffries did—by being a punching bag for the big champions, declare that he is the one man who is destined to follow in the latter's footsteps and ultimately become the champion of the world. Strange to say it was an amateur who checked Berger's progress toward the professional goal. That man was Billy Rodenbach, of New York, and the story

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Our Readers Are Cheerfully Replied To--Ask Us Any Question You Wish--We Would Like to Hear From You at Any Time.

S. L., New York.—C is right.

Subscriber, Orcutt, Cal.—Sixes are high.

G. G. D., Beardstown, Ill.—It was a fair shot.

A. W., Chicago, Ill.—Send 25 cents for rules. 2 A wins.

E. K., Milwaukee, Wis.—See answer to Harry, Brooklyn.

H. S. K., Charlestown, N. H.—We print only photographs, no drawings.

J. T. R., Terraville, S. D.—You will find it in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

A. J., McDonoughville, La.—Don't know where you can get one. Ask your Rabbi.

F. J. C., Denniston, O.—What is the present address of Clay Foster, sprinter?....Give it up.

Harry, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Write to *The Clipper*, 47 West Twenty-eighth street, New York, for route of the company.

R. E. McC., Huntington, Ind.—What is the correct name of the pugilist Philadelphia Jack O'Brien?....Joseph Hagen.

R. N. M., Arroyo Hondo, N. M.—In what part of the jaw is the pain felt most from a knockout blow?....There is no pain.

F. G. H., Fulton, N. Y.—What do four threes and nine count in a cribbage hand, the nine is the start card?....Twenty-four is right.

S. B., Newark, N. J.—Give me Joe Ashton's address?....Which Joe Ashton? If you mean Jack Ashton, the fighter, he is dead.

Reader.—A claims England is superior to the United States in all-around marksmanship both on land and sea; B claims not?....Honors about even.

H. H. H., Omaha, Neb.—In shaking dice; ace wild, or Indian dice; what does five aces indicate; do they beat sixes or do they count nothing?....They don't count.

O. F. L., Goodrich, N. D.—All run in the third heat, but as race stands on the two heats run, No. 2 is the winner, his second and first is better than No. 1's first and fourth.

F. R. C., Fulton, N. Y.—Playing a single hand of crib for a wager; one holds four threes and a nine spot for starter (9); how many is there allowed for that hand?....Twenty-four.

C. L., Chicago.—What is the world's record for standing broad jump with weights, and how measured?....14 feet, 9 inches; measured from toe to nearest break in the ground.

R. L. S., Rock Hill, S. C.—Jack-pot poker; after the pot has been opened; in the draw, three cards are drawn, one of the three is exposed. Does the player have to take the exposed card?....Must take exposed card.

J. S. H., Culdesac, Idaho.—A and B are playing a game of 11-point pitch; both are 10, or 1 to go; A bids three and makes low, jack and the game and claims he wins because bidder goes out; B plays high; who wins?....B wins.

YOU CAN BE A CARD EXPERT

If you possess a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. Just published and now ready. It is an authority. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Address "Police Gazette."

P. K., U. S. S. Maine.—Has Joe McGinnity, pitcher on the New York Nationals, ever played on the Brooklyn Nationals?....Yes.

McGinnity pitched for the Brooklyn club of the National League.

C. O. H., Moorefield, Neb.—State if foul ball be knocked and caught by the fielder whether the man on base can run?....Yes. A base runner can run after a foul fly has been caught.

J. H. B., Delaware, O.—What has been the largest paid attendance at any National or American League ball game, whether for the world's championship or not?....The largest receipts from a ball game were those of the game between the Athletics and the Giants, Oct. 10, 1906, for the world's championship, at which the attendance was 24,992, and the receipts, \$18,068.00. There have been many claims set up of enormous crowds at games, and presumably large receipts, but the clubs do not tell the amounts.

In the case of the world's series the exact turnstile count was given, and the exact amount of money taken in. It has been asserted that as many as 46,000 persons have gone to games at the Polo Grounds, which has a capacity second to no ball ground in America, but those claims were exploded by the official figures of the game on Oct. 10, when the grounds were jammed to their capacity, and the number was a trifle under 25,000.

R. L. C., Fort Niobrara, Neb.—In playing fifteen ball pool and playing at the nine ball pool and calling it in No. 3 pocket, and call cue ball in No. 5 pocket and makes both balls as he calls, does he lose his shot or get the cue ball out of the pocket and play on?....It is a scratch. The POLICE GAZETTE is mailed to you for one year on receipt of \$4.00.

J. A. McK., Toronto, Can.—Tell me where the battle between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons took place, the one in which Jeffries won the championship?....At Coney Island, New York.

Reader, Ware, Mass.—A and B playing Dutch pool; has 49 points and gets the 4 ball and claims the game; claims he has got to get just 50 points in order to win; A says he has not; who wins?....B wins.

B. W., LaPorte, Ind.—A match race was made between G. and S. to run 100 yards for a side bet.

The race to be run Sunday, July 1, at 10 a. m. The conditions of the race being that if either man was sick and not able to appear, money was to be drawn. How-

ever, both men were on the ground, but S claimed he had a sore muscle and would not run. G. ran the course at the stated time. There were quite a number of side bets made and the money is still up, as those backing G. think they should win. Are bets declared off?....Under the conditions of the match S's excuse of a sore muscle was sufficient to permit him to withdraw. It was a bad match for G.

T. W., Salt Lake City, Utah.—A, B and C are shooting blue rocks; ten shots each; high man takes the money; B bets on the side that he, B, is either second or better; bet is made before a shot is fired. A breaks five out of the ten rocks; B and C break four each; is B second or better?....He is second.

T. F. D., Providence, R. I.—In discussing the limited latitude pitcher has on balls (that is, before a batter may take his base on four balls) A bets B that there has been a time within the past twenty-five years when a batsman did not take his base until nine balls were called on him; B bets this is not so?....No.

T. L. T., Dallas, Tex.—In a race for office of sheriff of county; there are eight candidates, namely: Brosius, Carpenter, Braskhears, Hull, McKnight, Schrimmer, Terry and Walker. Bill bets Jack that Carpenter and McKnight will each get more votes than Brosius; since bet was made Brosius withdrew from the race, decide the bet?....No bet.

E. J. C., Haverhill, Mass.—Draw poker; all Jack pots; A, B, C, D, E, F and G participants; A deals; all pass up to E, the opener; F stays on a four flush; all pass up to B, who has held openers all the time, he raises; E stays; F stays; cards are drawn; E takes one; F fills his flush; E, not helping his hand passes; F bets the limit and is called by B; F takes in the pot, when

himself, as he was taking out a stack of chips, and forgot to take them (the cards) back. That the missing cards must have remained there a long time was evidenced by their cleanliness, and a fact conceded by all (seven players) alike. Now, A claims there was no game at all, and the money should be returned to every player; B says that the winners should give back half of the winnings and distribute it among the losers, because we had one perfect deck; C claims that the game should stand, as it was the fault of one of the players himself?....The game stands, as it is all even.

A. B. C., Washington, D. C.—Five men in a game of poker; A, B, C, D and E; 25 cents limit; E has his last money in the pot and naturally is sighted for \$1.25; E is also the dealer; after A, B, C and D have passed, E opens the pot for a sight; A opens it on the side to keep the others out; B, C and D claim A has no right to open on the side?....A has the right.

C. O., Kinston, N. C.—Six parties take five chips apiece and agree to shoot a freeze out with poker dice for one at a time until one man should have all the chips. Finally the chips are all held by A and B, and they by agreement shoot for two at a time; when A has only two chips left he insists on B shooting for one at the time, which B refuses to do?....B is right, and A is a piker.

TEXAS MAMIE.

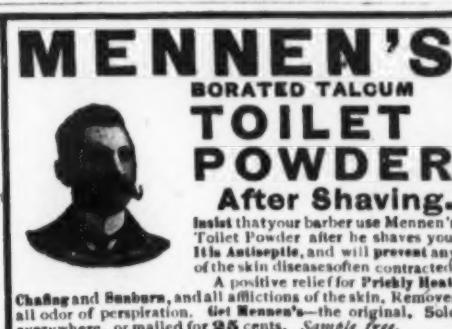
[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

There is a young woman in Philadelphia, shapely, muscular and fine looking who is known to her friends as Texas Mamie.

What her other name is doesn't matter so far as the purpose of this article or the publication of her portrait is concerned.

She is a bag puncher and a boxer, and she has announced her willingness to meet any woman in America of her weight in a scientific boxing match for a good sized side bet.

Her manager, M. W. Dunaman, is very enthusiastic over her athletic accomplishments, and he announces that he is ready at any time to make a match for his protege, but the posting of forfeits and the signing of articles must be at the POLICE GAZETTE office, where any letters on the subject will reach him.



MEXICAN GREY.

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suddenly finds he has mistaken a card in his hand, and could not open the pot; now, as B has passed, and he being the only player who held openers before the draw, but passed them, the argument is advanced that the money should be withdrawn by each player and a new deal started; F claims that this is unjust, as E should have discovered his hand before staying for raise?....Pot should be played over.

S. F., New York.—Game of poker; two decks of cards were used alternately; they were counted and found to have fifty-two cards in each deck before playing. The game progressed, and when it stopped, one of the decks contained only forty-seven cards, while the other had the necessary fifty-two. Those missing five cards were afterward found in the box of chips. The cards had been put there by the banker, a player

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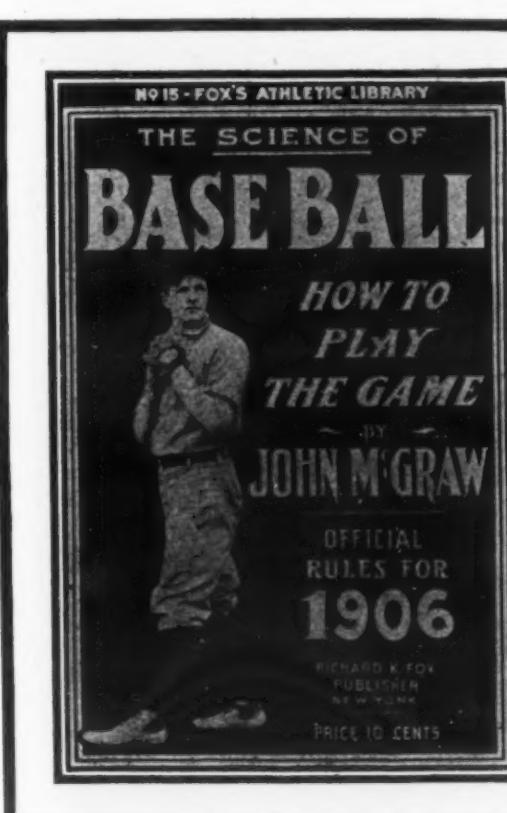
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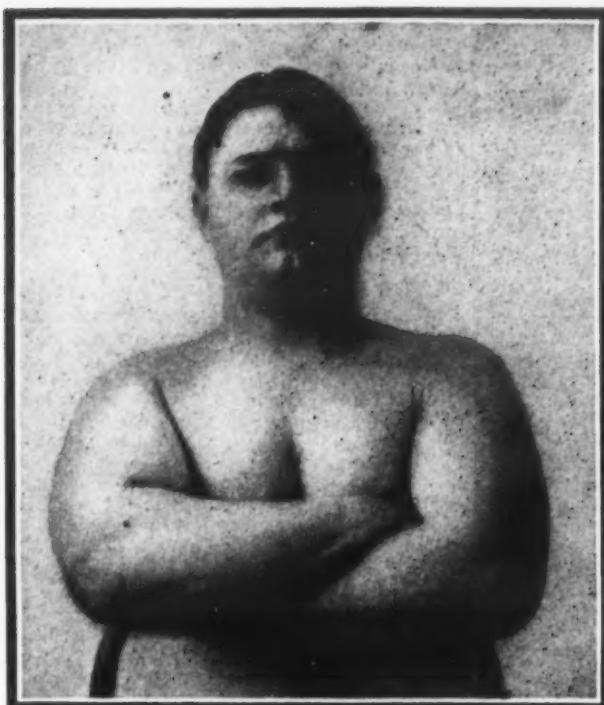
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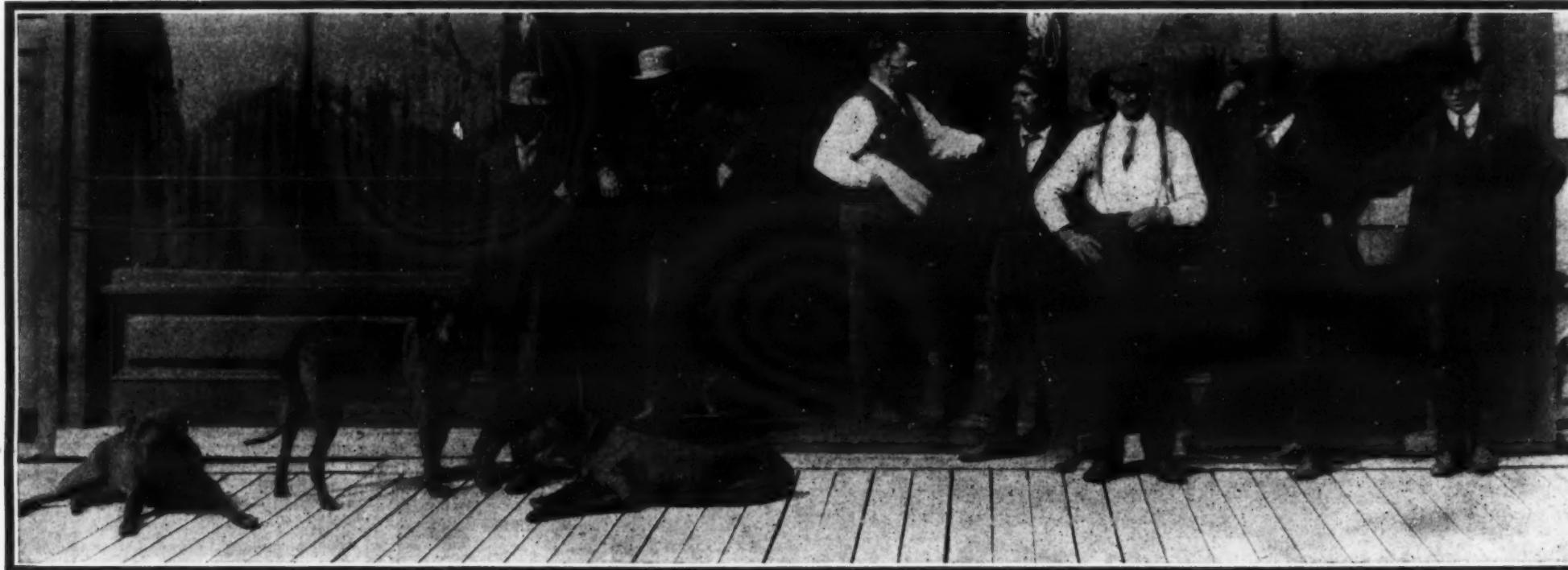
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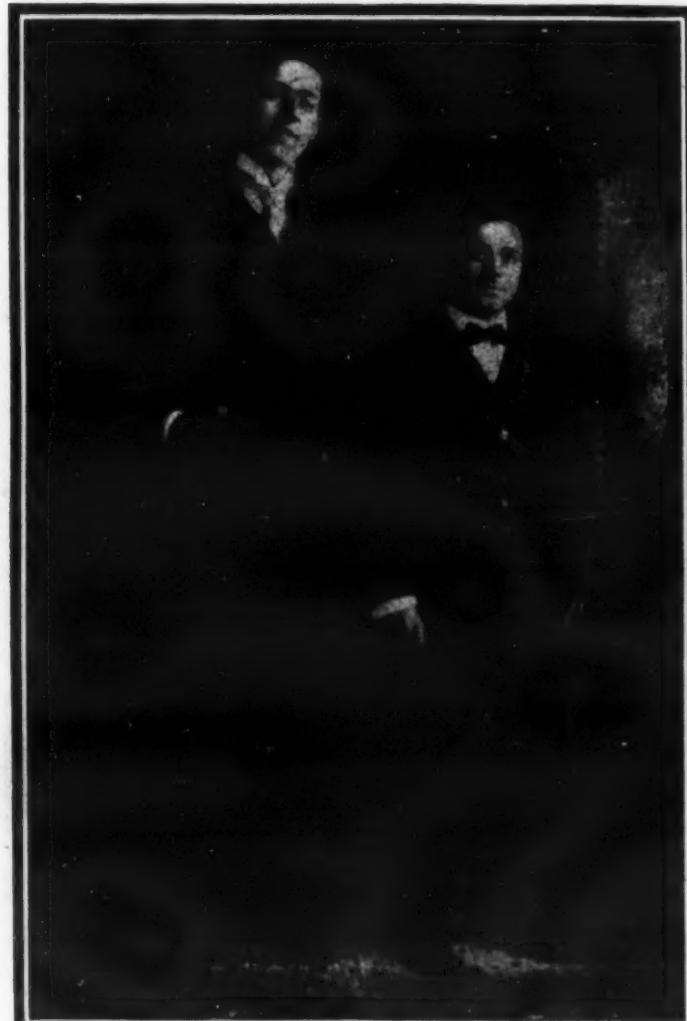
CHARLES FISCHER.

A YOUNG ATHLETE OF NEW YORK
WHO HAS WON MANY TROPHIES.



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Sam Cotton is a hustling young mixologist of Jackson, Mich., who is well known in that section of the country. Mr. Cotton is a lover of sports and the owner of many fine dogs. He has many years experience as a mixologist and is the inventor of many beverages which have become popular.

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- THIRD PRIZE-\$25.00 Gold Medal.

Don't wait to think it over.

Send in a recipe at once and get in the hunt.

If you have any ambition to better yourself, this is your chance.

It takes a good man to win a POLICE GAZETTE medal, and if you want to find out whether you are good or not, this is the way to do it.

Don't be satisfied with yourself.

Keep hustling.

Try and be somebody and win something.

It will cost you nothing to compete and you are not asked to pay any fee whatever.

This competition is arranged with the sole object in view of encouraging American bartenders.

Send in a recipe, anyhow.

It may be a winner.

New recipes are printed here every week in order that the men behind the bar can keep posted on what the other fellows are doing.

HERE'S A PROBLEM.

The boys behind the bar are a pretty wise lot, as a rule, so here is a nut for them to crack. The "Police Gazette" will be glad to receive and publish the answers, so send them in.

A saloonkeeper had two barrels of whiskey; one was ten years old and the other was two years old. He mixed them both. How old was the whiskey then?

CELEBRATED BRACEUP.

(By Nicholas Resteve, New Orleans, La.) Use large bar glass filled with cracked ice; one bar spoon powdered sugar; three dashes lime juice; three dashes Orange Flower water; one teaspoon Raspberry syrup; one bar measure of Rye whiskey. Shake well, strain in large punch glass, fill with White Rock, serve with cherry.

A TOGO TOUCH.

(E. B. Johnson, U and I Hotel, Bellingham, Wash.) Small mixing glass; one lump of ice; two dashes Orgeat syrup; one dash Curacao; one squirt lemon; one drink of brandy. Stir well, strain in punch or sour glass, touch up with a little Club soda, top off with a dash of Port wine, dress with pineapple and orange.

CALIFORNIA BRACER.

(By R. H. Hewett, Brownsville, Pa.) Large bar glass half full of cracked ice; two spoons powdered sugar; juice of one lemon; two eggs; quarter whiskey glass of Absinthe; one whiskey glass Cognac brandy, never use Hennessy. Shake well, strain in lemonade glass, fill

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glass with fresh milk and stir well while filling, grate a little nutmeg on top and serve without straws.

MILK FIX.

(Alfred Smith, 92d St. & Ft. Hamilton Av., Brooklyn)

Three parts of a glass of milk; three dashes of lemon; two dashes Angostura; one spoon of Sherbet. Stir well until it fizzes.

MILK TODDY.

(By Bennie Jones, Newport News, Va.)

Use mixing glass; one spoon sugar; half ounce of water; quarter ounce New England rum; half glass Braddock whiskey. Fill glass with milk and stir well.

KING EDWARD COLLINS.

(By A. H. Walker, King Edward Hotel, Victoria, British Columbia.)

Beer glass; one lump of ice; a few dashes of Absinthe; a little lemon juice; half Jigger Tom gin. Fill up with sweet soda, stir and serve after trimming with fruit in season.

DEITZ COCKTAIL.

(By Charles E. Taylor, Deitz, Wyo.)

Use toddy glass; small bar spoon sugar; one dash Peychaud bitters; one dash Curacao; one jigger Rye whiskey; lump of ice. Decorate with pineapple and cherry, stir well, add seltzer and serve.

LAFAYETTE PUNCH.

(By Robert R. Rothermel, Lafayette Hotel, Allentown, Pa.)

Juice of three lemons; one-third teaspoon of grated nutmeg; three-quarters pound powdered sugar; four quarts Claret; four bottles of soda water; one wine glass of Orange Curacao; one wine glass Maraschino. Dress with pineapple, sliced oranges and float Maraschino cherries on sliced orange.

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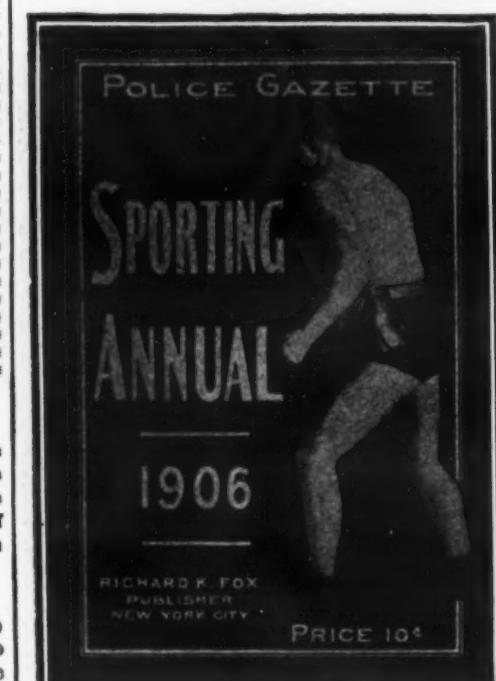
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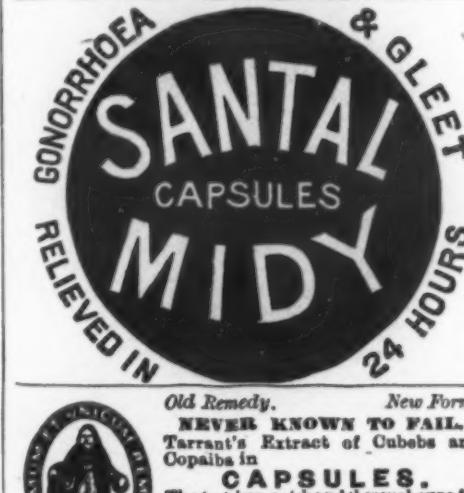
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NOTICE TO CARD PLAYERS.

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ATTELL'S PLANS.

Little Abe Attell, the conqueror of Frankie Neil, who came out of the battle without a mark after twenty hard rounds, in an interview with the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Denver, Colo., recently, said that he intended to reap the benefits of his victory, and has accepted a flattering offer to appear at a circuit of vaudeville theatres.

There was not as much money in the house as the fighters looked for. The gate receipts were \$5,000, and they expected nearly twice that figure. It was a warm day, and a great many people went to the beaches on the Fourth, which left the city empty. But Abe had no fault to find with the money end of the affair.

Attell has promised to give Neil a return match in November.

YOUNG ERNE AND WELCH.

Young Erne and Fred Welch fought a spirited six-round draw at the National A. C., Philadelphia, July 13. Welch came out of the bout with more credit than his opponent. Erne had a big advantage in weight, but the little Englishman, who has been boxing less than a year, held his own with a fighter who has outpointed some of the best men of his weight in the country.

Welch did not start off with promise, Erne landing his most effective blows in the first round. After that Welch danced all around Erne, darting in jabs and easily evading his rival's leads.

FOR FIGHT FANS.

Does it ever occur to the exacting fight fan the little attention he pays to one of the most important duties of a referee, the correctness or incorrectness of that official's count over a knocked down fighter? He may argue about the referee's honesty, his decisions, his ability to split the fighters apart when clinched, or his knowledge of the rules, but rarely will the question of his efficiency to toll off the seconds with any degree of correctness enter into his arguments. This, when the importance of the count is considered, appears strange, as the result of many battles hinges on this particular duty of the ring official.

Taking it for granted that all referees are honest and have no prejudices regarding race or nationality, and that they enter the ring fully determined to give the contestants a square deal to the best of their abilities, they still are apt to go up in the air, so to speak, during the excitement of the affair and unintentionally count either too fast or too slow. The exacting fight fan, should he be seated at the ringside, generally is so engrossed in the battle that he overlooks the referee's timing shortcomings. He, however, is ever alert to the ring official's actions when clinched, and will yell his head off should the decision not meet with his approval.

Fast counts generally are made either to give a fighter the worst of it or through lack of experience, and the slow counts generally because the referee wishes to prolong the battle to give the spectators a run for their money.

FAMOUS POOLSELLER.

Frank L. Herdic, the veteran trotting turfman and poolseller of national fame, who died recently, held the world's record in the total amount of pools sold at a single meeting. At a Fall meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, at Lexington, during the nineties, in ten days his sales footed up the enormous total of \$538,000.

Herdic began life as a circus tumbler, with one of the

shows controlled by P. T. Barnum. During a vacation from his circus work one day he attended a trotting meeting in a small Pennsylvania town. When the time came for poolselling to begin the track managers discovered that their auctioneer had gone off on a spree. Herdic volunteered to act. His original wit made a hit with the horsemen, and he never went back to the circus ring.

That was the beginning of a career of 35 years as a poolseller on the trotting turf, and even Dr. Underwood, Robert Cathcart and Silver Bill Riley must be classed in the second grade in this profession alongside of the ex-circus tumbler.

In and out of the pool box Herdic in his career bet about twenty million dollars on trotting horses. He made big betting by his own patronage on many races, and there were numerous cases where he held tickets on every horse in a race.

No man has ever lived that held bills of sale on so many great trotting horses. Owners would go broke in the pool box and then turn their horses over to Herdic. As soon as he could make enough to square the fellow with his pooling associates, Herdic would turn the horse back to the owner and take chances on getting his part of the money advanced. Sometimes the owner would pay the open-hearted poolseller, but if Herdic's heirs had a part even of what was owing him in this way his estate would have been that of a millionaire.

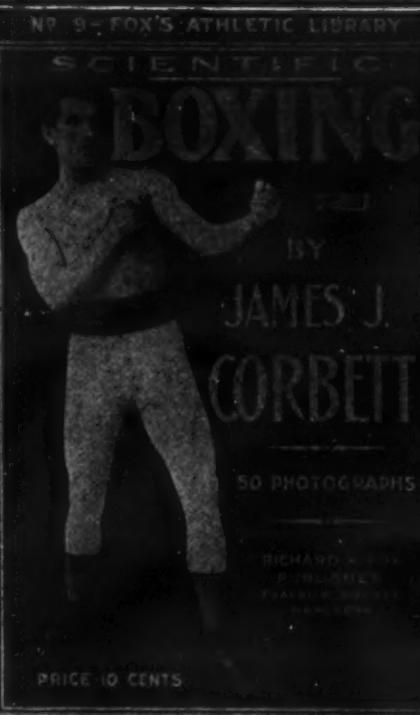
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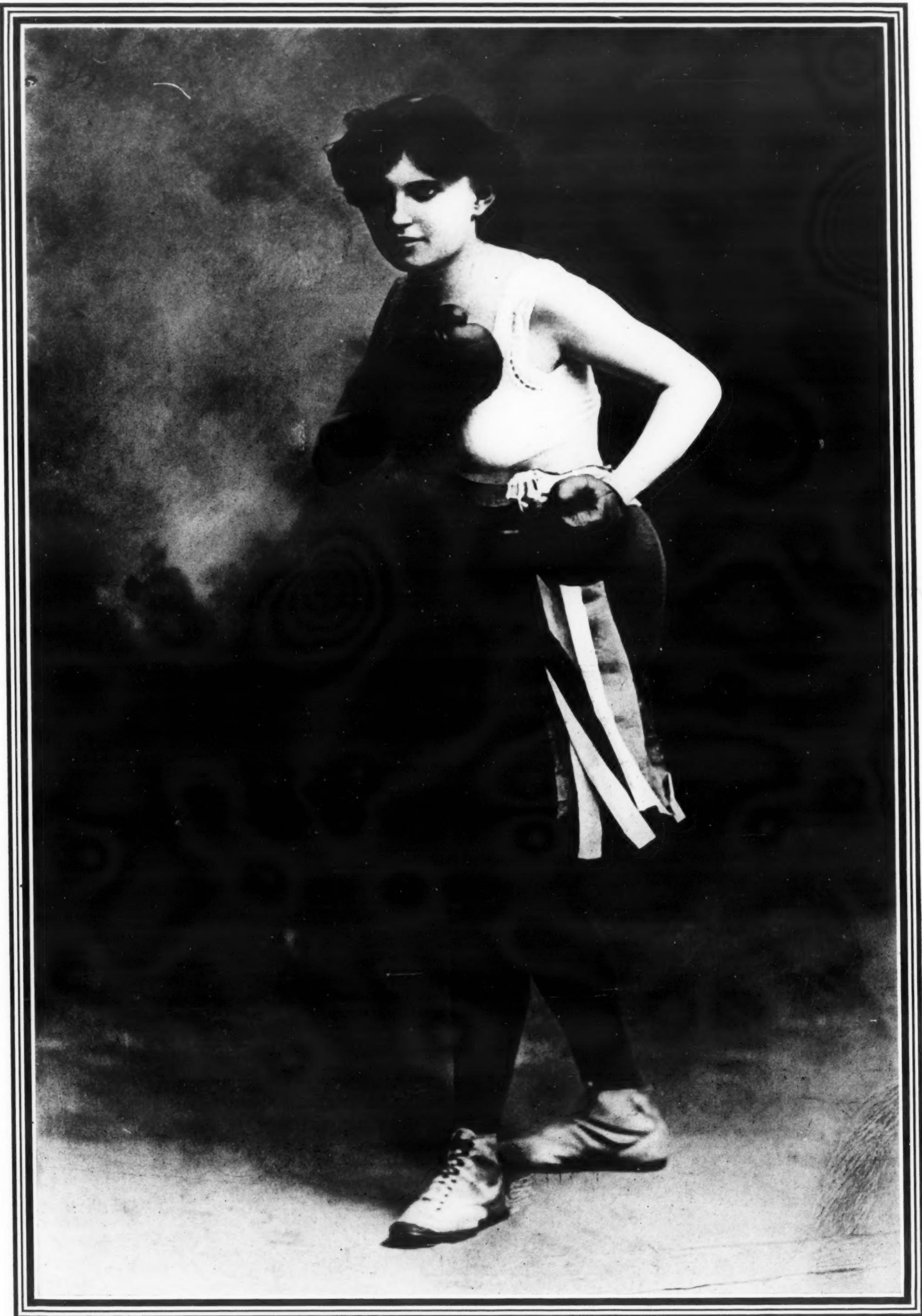


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